DEAR ENEMY

and

SONGS OF THE WAYSIDE

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By

JANET MUNRO
(I. M. Clarke Thompson)

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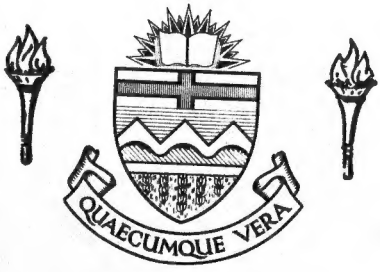

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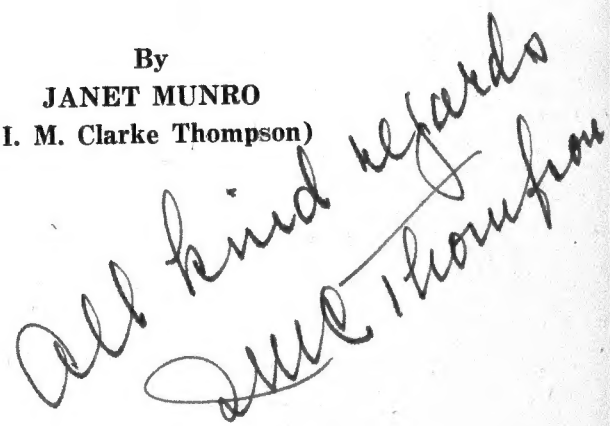

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1867??

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To my father and mother
WILLIAM WALLACE CLARKE
JANET MUNRO MacLEOD
Who led the way

818926

Foreword

Many of these verses were composed on trains, as is obvious from their rhythm timed to the click-clack of the wheels. These seldom were re-touched.

Most of the others were scribbled on scraps of paper in restaurants at lunch time and had to be worked over later and coloring perhaps, and human interest interpolated before being put out to market.

Romantic interest never failed to sell a poem, and it was necessary that they sell with a beloved son and daughter to support on the lesser salary that an overly cautious government allows an editor.

This is not a justification, but an exposition of many things.

I. M. C. THOMPSON
(Janet Munro)

INDEX OF TITLES

	PAGE
Foreword	5
Dear Enemy	7
Canada—Confederation	7
Out of the North With Drums	8
Little Black Broncho	8
Explorer's Wife	9
Little Dressmakers	10
Remembrance	10
There is a Bird	11
Love in the Fallows	12
Prairie June	12
Dawns	13
Aliens	14
John Doe	14
Home Again	15
Nomad Rider and Romany Barb	16
Down the Vale	16
Old Timer's Chantey	17
Woman Thou Gavest Me	18
Eastern Maid and Western Farmer	19
Winds of the Plains	19
Home From the Wars	20
Prisoner of War	21
October	21
For the World's Disdain	22
November	23
Cruisers in the Sound	23
Lac Seul (Lonely Lake)	24
Lament of the Exile	25
The Surveyor	26
For An Arctic Flyer	26
Autumn in Qu-Appelle	27
Kamloops	28
Old Red River Cart	29
Pahonan (Wait for Us)	30
Valley of the Pahonan	31
Jasper Gipsies	31
Prince Albert	32
Road From Banff to Calgary	33
Sioux Camp on the Red	34
New Westminster	35
A Creed	36
Birth of Canada	36

Dear Enemy

Dear Enemy,
I pass you every day
And all of ancient pain
Still comes to me
Along the way.

We pass so close
In lanes and corridors,
Hearts full of old regret,
My high, proud head
And yours that lowers.

Dear Enemy, so loved,
What can I say?
Pride rules, but still in dreams
On your safe breast
My head I lay.

Canada

(Confederation, a Prize Poem)

Joy to the day!
She walks like a bride
To join the matronhood of nations,
Bound on her brow
The flaming maple,
Girdled with gold,
Ermine and beaver enfold
To her shoon of silver;
In either hand she holds
Harvest of plain and sea,
Largesse of mine and tree,
And the Great Sun leaps to meet her,
Canada!

Out of the North With Drums

Out of the North with drums
And banners flying,
He comes,
Lord of a thousand seas
And lands outlying.

In all the mad acclaim
And frantic drumming,
She moves,
Queen of his wildwood heart,
"My king, I'm coming!"

Little Black Broncho

They have hitched the little black broncho
In the plough with the four-horse team,
He kicked his mate in the stall
So they've hitched him next the beam.

The mate fell into the manger
On his back and down by the head
And the long night wore his life out,
To be found in the morning dead.

The little black broncho loved him,
They were trying to play, the two,
Now they've hitched the little black broncho—
You'd lose us a horse, would you?

Give him the best of the whiffle tree,
She pleaded but pleaded in vain,
He can pull with the Clydes, said the master,
I'll teach him to do it again.

And he pulled with the Clydes
And at evening, sweating and draggled and drawn,
He came in like a foal at their sides
To mourn in his stall until dawn.

By his mate's lone grave in the pasture
On Sunday's he mopes apart,
They can't kill the little black broncho
But he'll die of a broken heart.

Explorer's Wife

I wonder if the sun
Loves to look down
Where you are dreaming
By the streaming
Athabaska,
Dreaming of me?

For this is Sunday
And I walk alone to church,
And no one draws my hand
Within his arm and says
"You are so sweet I want to touch you,
Marguerite."

No robin sings for me
But wild and sad,
No trees can hide this empty nest
That is not home,
No winds caress, and joy is not for me
When you're away.

Still I must wait
Through laden summer days
For your return
When life begins anew.

Little Dressmakers

You know that little fingers
  Underneath the snow
All the wilding winter
  Continually do sew?

Blue dresses for the crocuses
  With convoluted skirts,
Cream satin for anemones,
  For columbines flame shirts;

Yellow for the daffodils
  Plump forms sheathed in green,
Rich purple for the violets,
  Peeping but unseen;

A bonnet of accordeon pleat
  For dandelion's head,
A velvet cloak for avens plumed
  In shades from pale to red.

A clip of this, a snip of that,
  A stitch, a tack, a frill,
A thousand busy dressmakers
  Underneath the hill.

Remembrance

Song of the Diva

Tears! They are all for you,
E'en though you walk where I will not come
Your lightsome feet upon the winding road
That weaves among the poplars at our home.

For sometimes when the plover calls in vain
You will remember how I left you there
Watching the way I passed, so willingly,
Away from you to fame and many friends.

You who are happy in your golden fields,
Free and honored, rich, and not alone,
My eyes still haunt you as your mouth haunts mine
Most when the spring breaks there at home.

Tears! They are all for you,
I can bear it when the red buds wake
The crocus with its blue, blue eyes
That you hold to your breast for my blue eyes' sake.

There Is a Bird

There is a bird that tells me when to blow
A chorus to his fluting on the hill,
He trills a stave,
Then pauses head aside,
Looks down at me
Reclining 'neath his rowan tree,
And waits bright-eyed.
But when I answer deep contralto lending,
On me he breaks
With wild and high
And piercing high
And wilder still ascending
Trill above trill
Like flights of stars ablending.

Suddenly the end.
Head sideways he looks down again
As asking me, his friend,
Do I not think that's not a half bad end
For a hard pressed father
With a family for whom to fend
And worms rationed
For the lease and lend?

Love in the Fallows

Sweet greenery of prairie at the spring,
Blackbird's flute,
And wild ducks on the wing,
And skies
As blue, love, as your eyes
That woo and woo me back again.

I see the willow's kittens turn to fuzz,
And dream
Of hollows where some wild bees buzz,
Fallows
Like jet, fresh turned and wet,
Dark aisles in tawny seas of grass.

And lo! in this long land
The Blind God found me once,
His voice upon the wind,
Him yet I hear
When spring is at the door
Of this fair wilderness of thine and mine.

Prairie June

In my dear land the wild duck broods
In June,
And meadow larks
Drop liquid heaven from golden throats,
The trailing plover
In the summer fallow
Paces aside from the nestling's hollow
And the ladies slipper
Holds a golden dipper
To a dew-drenched moon.

Pluck me a rose from a million roses,
Red dog roses
Blown in June,
And warm your hands in the blazing glory
Of tiger lilies
In the breast of noon
While the sea-green earth
To the sun smiles back
From Prairie Land
In June.

Dawns

A wary Hand in the low south-east,
Slender palmed and trembling oldly
Draws a blood-red band
And a line pale goldly,
Near stars grow faint,
The night sky lightens,
A cock crows boldly,
The Hand is gone,
Then a slow sun coldly,
Winter dawn!

Flare of red in the far north-east
Blaring on a saffron field,
The Goddess wildly
Her rant team lashing,
The fire flashing
From her chariot wheels,
Green foam looming,
A low wind runeing,
The sun shoots up,
Summer dawn!

Aliens

Go East to the sea, dear love
Where the spume winds the sea web's loom,
And the ground swell grinds on a groaning shore,
The land breeze lifts the fleering foam
There by your seaside home.
And I to the West, beloved,
To the waves of a prairie shore,
Where the night winds blow
To the northern glow
The rocking wheat from a rolling floor
Blow and glow
Forevermore.

You will think of me when the ship reeves in,
The wind at the mast in the harbour's din,
And I muse on thee in a blue-domed field
In sunlit chaff
In a gold stack's lea,
Aye, I shall think of thee.

Go East to the sea, dear love,
And I to my western home.

John Doe

Here lies John Doe:
In every woe
He figured for three hundred years,
The judges and attorneys, too,
Will tell you and it must be true
His name oft moved a court to tears.
But no one ever saw said John
Or could proclaim his habitat
Though called in twenty courts at once,
He must have been an acrobat.

So many people lost a case
By this John Doe, to their disgrace,
They threw his name into the fire,
'Twas all they found to quench their ire,
They wrote upon a tomb, "Here lies—
He always lied, the said John Doe—
But let bygones be go-bys,
Here lies John Doe for lying so."

Home Again

Home again!
And all the city streets
Shine like the ways
Of happy feet to heaven
Where I shall tread
To meet you at the train,
Waif of the crystalling North,
Home again!

What of the days
And pacing nights of pain
Waiting a message
On the silent waves
Down the long lanes
That net the upper air
Of moaning Barrens
And of Arctic floes.

Over the heads
Of cheering fans gone mad
I shall catch light
From your deep, glad eyes,
And then no more—
So long you've been away—
Until in happy firelight
We greet at home.

Nomad Rider and Romany Barb
(To an Aviator)

The rider mounts his panting steed,
Adjusts the curb, his seat is true,
Swift thrust of spur and tightened rein,
The winged horse leaps into the blue.
By sky-fringed lanes like gentian
Far countless miles he tramples down,
Thro' swirling mists he shoulders way
And leaps to clear the lessening town.

Flat swaying landscapes veiled in green
Rise up, flow back and drift aside,
Still other lands ride into view,
The steed nor swerves nor breaks his stride,
And when the brash winds beat his sides,
Black thunder clouds make heavy track,
Thin thongs of lightning thresh about,
The swift one lifts to plunge and rack.

Wild nomad on your ranging barb,
Tell me, does Earth seem yet more fair
When riding to leave her far behind,
You fly to the arms of your mistress, Air?

Down the Vale

Sun up, moon up,
Birches on the hill,
Spring time, mad time,
The season as it will,
That is when I see you, dear,
Sense your presence now and here,
Down the vale and you are near,
Gipsy love and Irish tear.

Night time, wind storm,
Love birds in the nest,
Firelight, dream time,
Your bright head for my breast,
That is when our life's complete,
All my true heart to you, sweet,
Life and lief as life is meet,
Down the vale with Marguerite.

Old Timer's Chantey

A health to the land, my masters,
And a toast to the rolling sea,
The rolling, billowing wheat lands
Tossing their plumes on the lea:
A toast!
And break your glass, lads,
A toast to the long-trail men,
Who sailed the prairie schooners,
Loaded and sailed again.

And a tear for the wives, old timer,
The wives of the pioneer,
Who longed for the fireside comforts
That few of them got while here:
A tear!
Our wives, old timer,
With small, hardworked brown hands
That never ceased from toiling
For the rolling prairie lands.

A cheer for our sons, God bless them,
And the daughters of prairie breed,
Strong mothers of a nation
Whose word shall be the lead:

A cheer!
The Federation,
East, West and North be true!
Our hearths, our lands, our country,
Old neighbors and the new.

Woman Thou Gavest Me

Heap her with roses, roses,
Crimson hearts as warm as hers
Whose heart I fed
With pedlar's words
Of stocks and bonds and usury;
She who loved me
And whom I loved
Thou now hast taken back to thee.

(Lily-white in a velvet shroud,
Dear on her lips the last smile died,
Dead is my heart,
Dead is she,
Lord, the woman Thou gavest me.)

Ah, but the world held me
(Stocks and bonds and usury),
Too often cold to her I loved,
Hard, bemused and money bound,
Bone of my bone, Ah deity!

She did not droop nor fail,
But high and sweet from day to day;
Then a week I went away,
When I came back
She was gone from me,
Lord, the woman Thou gavest me.

Winds of the Plains

Wild winds,
With eager feet of dawn
Dancing on the uplands,
Tossing high the spray
Of crimson and of gold,
Drop not away!

Sane winds,
With one swift breath
Blow tower and crag
And waterway,
Wavering wraith
Of the mad mirage,
Before the path
Of the honest day.

Strong winds,
Flattening the defiant fields
That rise triumphant when you pass,
Scavenger
Whirling the useless chaff,
Messenger,
Bearing my heart, alas,
Die not away!

Eastern Maid and Western Farmer

She lies awake and thinks on you
Who are so near to her,
A river and a bridge,
A road, a lane,
And you'd be with her.
You do not know—

You think her far,
Two thousand miles or so,
Her towered city all about her,
While she goes to teas
And talks with dapper government men
Who'd look at you askance.

But she will not send you word,
Although so near,
Of her swift journey to the sick old aunt
Across the stream from you,
You on your rare way east
Who caught her heart
In one straight glance.

Will tomorrow see you
At her Aunt Kate's gate by chance
To ask about the price Kate got for geese,
And meet instead your love
Who sets your staid heart pounding
While you say,
"I did not think
To see you here
Today."

Home from the Wars

I know the sun, full, frank and free,
Up there in gold felicity,
Weeps golden rain for you and me,
When we're apart, dear part of me;
But now you're home he laughs abroad
And moves in orbed sovereignty
Above the farm where rod by rod
The full ears nod benignity.

Prisoner of War

Wind, wind,
In from the West
Breathing of meadowsweet,
Low, low,
Dragging your plumes
Fainting here at my feet.
Child of the wild,
Speak ere you go,
Tell me if roses blow
By the old farm trail
Where swift wings sail
Scattering the petals so?

Moan, moan
By the narrow jail,
Wreathing your silver hands,
Lone, lone,
On the stony sill
Trailing
Your misty hair
Through iron bars
Where wild eyes fare
To the top of a sunlit hill.

October

On nights that spirtled dew,
So hot and stilly,
My roses grew,
And with the brazen sun,
So hot and lusty,
The poppies blew.

But now the frost makes all
So hard and crusty,
Though dahlias fall
And salvia's musty,
Still by the garden wall
Vaunt asters rusty.

For the World's Disdain

All alone in the firelight,
Faint shadows on the wall
Of a high old desk, a hooded lamp
And the bookcase best of all,
You with a volume of verse in your hand
And your shaded eyes on space,
'Till I looked up sudden and caught the fire,
Renunciation,
Desire,
In your high-souled, scholarly face.

I thought me of my dangling chains,
That marriage of long ago
To a brute-beast man with shining teeth
Who still does not let me go,
And you thought once of ties that held
To a marriage hearth burned low.

Close up your hearts! Not one sweet hour,
So brief a heaven may not enfold,
And say farewell for the world's disdain,
Back to the chains and ropes that hold,
Safe chained back from heart's desire
There by the dying fire.

November

I love November,
Its purple etchings
And its brooding browns,
Thin stems and slender limbs,
Bare rocks and brittle downs.
I love long vistas
Sans voluptuous green,
And rounded hills,
Austere and sere and plain,
Silhouette of horses on their rim
In stillness and far peace.

I love November
Down the paths with you,
Tramping the mountains
Over crackling leaves
To that dear place that is our own,
Campfire smoke
And smell of woodland tea,
A feast and then the long walk home
To firelight and deep content,
With only you
And November.

Cruisers in the Sound

Cruisers in the Sound!
(The town lies silent and as still as death),
The tides foot softly by the cedar piers
And wary pad by cruisers in the Sound.

Cruisers in the Sound!
Close muzzled are their gaunt, grey, slavering jaws,
Their noses toward the breathless, fearful town,
Waiting, quiescent cruisers in the Sound.

Cruisers in the Sound!
Grey bloodhounds on an oily, ominous sea,
They never move but watch the sun-baked town,
Red-eyed, relentless cruisers in the Sound.

Crash from the turrets in the silent night!
The ocean bloodhounds bay and leap against the leash,
Their unmuzzled iron jaws drip bloody red,
Ruthless, revengeful cruisers in the Sound.

Daybreak in the Sound,
Shattered towers and ragged palms
The white town lies without one shivering breath
Its blind eyes staring at an empty Sound.

Maid of Lac Seul

Lonely Lake

Leave me
To long-drawn nights
Running from darkened days
By freezing rivière,
And poplars stripped and bare;
Over the lank, brown hills
The caribou
No longer leap away
Afraid of you.

South . . .
With the rich, red gold
We toiled to win,
Strapped on the whining dogs
The summer's gain.
Light is your kiss,
How glad you go
South to the streaming town
Away from the curdling snow.

Wailing the wintry wind
Whines down the whitened waste
Swathing the swaying hut
Low by the swollen swamp
Where marten stiff in the traps
Lie snarled in the anchored chain

But with the northern spring
Greening the hollows cool,
You will return again
To your Cree maid of Seul.

Lament of the Exile

But to smell the fragrant prairies
And sweet high airs of June,
Wolf willow and furrowed earth
On nights that end so soon,
To see a mirage in the morning
And quivering heat haze at noon,
The glory glaze at sunset
And pale fields under the moon
And the winds that have never rested
From sweeping God's country clean,
Where the sun seldom forgets to shine
And skies have a lilt and a sheen.

To watch great fields grow riper
And sway on golden stalks,
Or gather serried battalions
In minareted golden shocks,
To count a score of busy machines
A-shaking from stead and field
Assorting the gold from the chaff
And the dross from the yield,
To pass the waggons, winding, winding,
Three-tiered with alms of God
To cram obelisked elevators
With the riches of the Lord.

To live in a little prairie house
On a bobbed-off prairie hill
With the gophers crying largesse, largesse,
And taking it with a will,
Just a little, lonesome prairie house,
The wind tapping out a tune
On its flapping, sun-bleached boards
At night, all morn, at noon.
To see, to breathe, to hear, to taste
A thousand miles of plain
'Neath twice a thousand rounded sky
Were just to live again.

The Surveyor

In all this welter of deep orange night,
The amber moon above the purple pines,
The piebald packhorse in the campfire's light,
The day's work done and all my thoughts to you—
Does some easy loiterer in the effete East
Covet the glance of eyes so grey and sweet,
And day by day steal back your heart from me—
I wonder.

For an Arctic Flyer

I dance tonight
With St. John Carew
In a frock of white
With bands of blue
Like Arctic ice—
My heart ice, too,
For north in the storm
His logged plane low,
My love lies dead
In the curdling snow—
(Hush, play tenderly
Violins.)

False but sweet
As honey dew
Is the chanting voice
Of St. John Carew,
With a barony
And a family crest—
Ah, this for my love's
Cold, quiet breast,
Asleep and at peace
In Arctic snow—
(Hush, play tenderly,
Violins.)

Autumn in Qu'Appelle

There is a deep-set passion in these Hills,
A crowding tenderness
Above the Valley's rim,
That leans above her yearning,
While she flirts
Her tangerine-leafed saskatoons
And red-laced alder skirts,
And trails her scarves
Of lemon-yellow aspen down
The wrinkled cheeks
Of those old virile Hills
That compass her
Forever,
And will not let her go.

Ah, wise and lovely Valley,
Forever the coquette
With her stern mate, the Hills,
And yet forever kindness
To world-weary children
Who creep into her arms to rest;

She laps them round about
With peace,
And even the wind stills
As she cradles them
To sanctuary
Upon her tender breast.

Kamloops

Dear are your hills and swift the way
That leads me back to you,
Down crimson slopes and dun-brown crags
The color gropes, the incense lags
Along the road to you.

By purple draws from ash-red clefts
The dark pines steal and stand,
The sunlight drives the blue mist back
And sends it streaming down the track
That leads from me to you.

What are rose-madder hills to me
Above the cradling town,
Or bronze-green slopes etched indigo
When I'm from home,
But aye they blaze and rock the sky
With rolling colors banked on blue,
Proud hills that watch the river road
When I go back to you.

Old Red River Cart

An old Red River cart, a tumbling barn
Where broken harness sprawls upon a beam,
And toothless harrows lean against a wall
With buggy tops, a broken scythe, and all
The flotsam and the jetsam of a farm.

Sun-smote the old cart dreams with rump in air
Of creaking down from Touchwood day by day,
Or shrieking up Troy's ancient winding trail
With twenty carts a-following its tail,
And twenty horses, twenty manes aflare.

The campfire smell of glowing buffalo chips
Outspanning by the wayfaring Qu'Appelle,
The fresh-baked bannock curling in the pan,
While washing down brown shreds of pemmican
The bitter tea was sweet to thirsty lips.

Wild winds and clean still blow the chill from dawn,
And grasses weave and sigh beneath the stars,
Still creak the old cart's weathered wooden flanks,
Its tall wheels sag, the broken harness clanks,
But all the golden days upon the trail are gone.

N.B.

Touchwood, Troy and Qu'Appelle were stage stations on the trail from Red River (Winnipeg) to Prince Albert and Battleford, Saskatchewan, where Red River carts with high wheels and wooden axles which shrieked in motion were used for overland freighting before the railway era. They travelled in caravans, a driver for the head and last carts. Buffalo meat, dried until it shredded, was staple supply for long trips.

Pahonan

Wait for Us

The waters flowing as of old
Beside the leaning bank,
The same kind bending trees enfold,
No more they echo back
"Wait for us."

The same green meadow, virent green,
A low marled bank beside,
The same pines towering watch the plain,
No more the words deride
"Wait for us."

And storm and clouds inanimate
And dew and sun and wind
In Nature's law have kept their place,
Not so the human kind
Wait for us.

And warriors grim, true woman hearts
Have passed, their toil and deeds,
And children's children, each departs,
Sweet sleep, nor warning heeds
Wait for us.

Note—Pahonan (Pay-wah-nan), Cree for "Wait for us", a place by Fort La Corne, Saskatchewan, where squaws and children waited for hunters returning from the buffalo plains.

Valley of The Pahonan

Fair valley of the Pahonan
Unwinding deep green coils
Of torrent centred deepness
Where the mill race roars and boils,
Roars and boils,
A teeming torrent,
Deep green coils
Of rushing current.

Quaint farmsteads of the Pahonan,
Your homes of weathered grey,
Low-eaved, deep-windowed, unadorned,
'Mid the poplars hidden away,
Hidden away,
Your picturesqueness,
Weathered grey,
Lone and guestless.

Past people of the Pahonan
Whose country speaks of you
In unclaimed fields, deserted homes
And moldering graveyards too,
Graveyards, too,
In this fair valley
Speak of you
In wondering rally.

Jasper Gipsies

But to be with you
In the mountain passes,
Snow on the heights
And fern leaves in the glen,
Grey sheep and white goat,
Red deer and wild shoat,
You on the bell mare,
Friend, ah, my friend!

Green gold and amber dust,
Turquoise, red amethyst,
Rain in the valley
And sunshine on the tors,
Pack trail awinding
Thro' blue vetch and bindweed,
Bell mare asnatching
And Whitefoot behind.

But to be near you
In our open cedar shelter,
Your strong hand over mine
When the night wolves howl
Defying the full moon,
Rousing the moddering loon,
Safe against your shoulder,
Husband and friend.

Prince Albert on The Saskatchewan

The Genie sat on a thousand hills
And traced a wavering line,
And he said, "Be born of my might and will,
Thou, oh Saskatchewan."
He strode along from crest to crest
Cleaving the mighty sod,
And the river flowed in the cleft he made
And he called it the river of God.

All day he paced and marked the way,
And the river rippled after,
At night in a pine wood laid his head
And down his arms flowed the Shell and the Red;
But in the night the river ran on,
Murmuring, "Let me go, I beg,"
Past the rapids of Nipawin
To end in the arms of Lake Winnipeg.

The Genie woke from his genie dream,
He shook his fist at Saskatchewan,
With one step leaped the mighty stream
And Round Lake filled where his head had lain.
"I go no farther," then said he.
"Here will I rest me and make my bower
Of aspen and willow and alder bough,
Anemone, rose and gillyflower,
Where yellow vetch and purple peavine
By cradling lake and waterway
Nod on the breast of the reflex west,
Nurse on dew and rest 'till day."

"Prince Albert here in the day that comes,
Healer of homesick hearts," said he,
"With woods and flowers and hills for homes,
And these 'The Flats' where I've rested me."

And so it is at this very hour,
By stead and shieling the ploughshare weaves,
Fair are the fields of the Genie's bower,
Rich all the land in grain and beeves.

Road from Banff to Calgary

We rode from Banff to Calgary,
All down a tawny lea
The swelling bosoms of the hills
Rose from a violet sea.
Cupped in its hollow is the town
By Elbow and by Bow
Where welling yellow foothills drown
In purple parquetry.

We rode from Banff to Calgary,
The evening sun hung low,
From skies of turquoise broidery
That wooing west winds blow.
Across the valley of the Bow
Like jewels on a wire
The evening lights of Calgary
Leaped up and shone like fire.

Reel off the swaying miles again
And clamp the levers down,
We're rolling through to Calgary
And swinging through the town,
The road from Banff to Calgary,
The sweet wild way of wizardry,
When Robin's son rode down the lea
The stars rang bells to Calgary.

Sioux Camp on the Red*

Dennis may long for his green isle again,
Donald may sigh for the mist and the dale,
I reck of nothing but river and plain,
The winds and the sunshine, so garish but sane;
So up and away,
Rebel airs that would roam,
Blow, winds of heaven,
And carry me home.

Who will away to the wild, little Red,
That cuts a swift pattern and knots up the hills,
That growls at the pebbles and tears at its bed
And, improvident, rambles and goes as it wills;
So up and away,
For the pines and the hollow,
The wraiths of the past
Will follow, will follow.

The ghosts of the Sioux will sigh at our ears
By our camp fire's blaze where the old village stood,
And the wayfaring Red shiver over its bars
As the Windigo's breath bows the trees of the wood;
So up and away,
Little winds from your bed,
Blow high and blow low
To the banks of the Red.

*Little Red river flowing into North Saskatchewan.

New Westminster

They say the chimes of Westminster
Ring sweet across the sea,
Not sweeter than New Westminster,
And the red rowan tree:
They ring, they chime,
The umbells ring
On the red rowan tree.

There is an old house on a hill
That loves the rowan tree,
And two red rowans by the gate
Ring out their minstrelsy.
They ring their bells above the roof
And maids and master hear them dwell,
They ring the welcome unto friends,
"Pass friends, kind friends, 'tis well."
They ring, they chime,
The umbells ring
On the red dowan tree.

They ring the mistress home from church,
The master back from sea,
They rang the babes that blessed the house
Beneath the rowan tree,

They ring them back now they are gone,
Back to the rowan tree,
And dear the chime
The umbells ring
From the red rowan tree.

A Creed

Love is all sufficient,
Thee
In the guarded sacristy,
Painless, free,
Shall know no place
Hidden from His love-lit face.

Truth doth wait
On every line,
God is All
And All is thine,
Cringe not thou in mortal fear,
Heir of God, for God is here.

Birth of Canada

Glaciers crashed and great seas roared defiance on that wild morn when she was born, Canada!

The Kind Wind pressed her to his breast, the Sun caressed her, raindrops blessed, they clothed the lava fields with green, with towering pines and elms like fans, maple and birch and alder sheen, and all the glory in between.

Century after century thus, until her children filled the land with sound of labour, laughter and love. Mighty her sons in council, beauteous her womanhood; the products of her plains, forests, lakes and mines crowded the sea lanes. Around the world they hailed her, Canada!

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Dear enemy.

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